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THE
DINNER-PAIL MAN

— OR —

From POVERTY
To FORTUNE

WRITTEN AND
COMPOSED BY

J. B. LADUE TUNBRIDGE VERMONT

OSBORNE THE PRINTER
NORTH TUNBRIDGE VT.

THE
DINNER-PAIL MAN

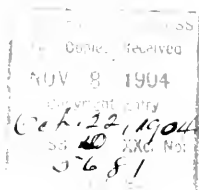
—— or ——

From Poverty to Fortune

Written and
Composed by

J. B. LADUE, TUNBRIDGE, VT.

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by J. B. Ladue



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The Dinner Pail Man

ACT I: SCENE I:

McKinnon—

Well, Hazelton, are you ready for business to night?

Hazelton—

Yes, but McKinnon, I don't like to do that; she's the most lovely child I ever set my eyes on.

McKinnon—

Bah! You're softening. Is the child here?

Hazelton—

Oh yes, the child is under my custody until this Toms takes her and, even then, he must provide for her a home such as she would have, had Lord Rockwell lived; or that mill property goes back to the child.

McKinnon—

This Toms is working for us and I've had him in our office and questioned him in regard to his relationship with Lord Rockwell and he knows nothing about it, whatever. He doesn't even know that there ever was such a person on earth; so you see that we're perfectly safe. You can make a new will in your favor and enjoy all this vast wealth. I'll take the mill and take care of the child for you.

Give me the child and all those papers in that little box and I will see that you are well secured.

Hazelton—

But I don't want anything to happen to the child. Mark my word, McKinnon: if anything happens to the child and I find it out, I shall hound you until Kingdom come.

McKinnon—

Don't be so chicken-hearted. The child shall live and have a home and a father's and a mother's care.

Hazelton—

Well, if you're ready, come with me and I'll get the child.

McKinnon—

Oh! That box! we must have that, also.

Hazelton—

You can take the box when we come back. (*Exit.*)

Mysterious woman enters—

Oh! That's the plot, is it? Well, I guess, Mr. McKinnon, that you won't have this little box when you come back. I'll take the box myself and see that it goes to it's rightful owner, if God lets me live. Oh, such a plot! And my husband one of the principal actors!

(*Hazelton and McKinnon enter with child. Finds box missing*)

Hazelton—

Some one has been here and taken that box and it must be one of the servants, because I saw that every door in the house was securely locked before you entered, and so I am sure that it has not gone out of the house. You shall have it just as soon as I can find it.

McKinnon—

Remember! I must have those papers.

Hazelton—

Yes, I understand and you shall have them. (*Exit.*)

Hazelton—

Well, I call this getting rich quick, and not a great deal of trouble, either; but, after all, I kinder hated to part with the child. Bab! I shall forget all about it in a week or so. And now I must find that box, and woe to the one who took it. *(Exit.)*

(Curtain)

SCENE 2.

(Street in low section of the city. A man skulking with child in arms. Puts child on door-step and skulks away. Child begins to cry. Gentleman passes by under influence of something stronger than himself. Stops.)

Hallo! youngster! *(hic)* Got locked out? Don't cry. *(hic)* Your mamma will come soon. *(pounds on door)* Get up here and let *(hic)* this child in. Confound the idiot! *(hic) (The door opens and person appears with lamp in hand)*

What's the matter?

Gentleman—

(Hic) Matter enough. Why do you want to *(hic)* lock this child out? If you don't take better care of your children, I'll report you to the Committee on Cruelty to Animals *(hic)*.

Words from the house—

Go along about your business.

(Takes the child in. Man walks across stage.)

Gentleman—

Well, if that dont beat me! A man that will do *(hic)* that is a drunkard, *(hic)* and I'm trying my best to put the filthy stuff down.

Oh! That will be joyful;

Oh! That will be joyful.

(Walks off. Curtain drops.)

Eight years are supposed to elapse from Scene second to Scene third.

SCENE *4*.

(*Scene in Billy Toms' house, Manchester, England. Billy enters and sits down and bows his head. Then says :*)

Wife, it's no use. I can't get work anywhere. They've got me on the black-list and the best thing for me to do is to leave the country. I've just met McKinnon and, said he: "Toms, you had better leave the country;" and I'm going to do it.

Mrs. Toms—

How are you going, Billy? We haven't a 'alf-penny in the house and I am sure you haven't one in your pocket.

Billy—

Your right, wife; I haven't a 'alf-penny in my pocket; but, nevertheless, I shall start this very day for Liverpool and watch my chances and, if I can't ship any other way, I shall go as a stowaway.

Mrs. Toms—

What's that?

Billy—

I'll tell you what's a stowaway. A man kind of skulks around and when he gets a good chance he gets aboard the ship and he goes down into the hold and then, when she is two or three days out at sea, he comes out and they make him work his passage.

Mrs. Toms—

Oh! But, Billy, I don't like to have you go that way; I'm afraid something will happen to you.

Billy—

But, wife, what else can I do; I've spent the last dollar almost a week ago, for provisions for the house, and that can't last always; and when that's gone, God, only, knows where I can get any more.

You know that I've been two years trying to get work. I've been

looking for a long time

THE DINNER PAIL MAN

SCENE 3.

STRIKE IN MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

Strikers are running after a youth, because he asked to go to work. They shout "Scab!" and throw sticks and stones. Just before they cross the stage the first time, an organ-grinder with a monkey passes by, and plays as he passes. Just as he is out of sight he meets the mob which knocks him down and tramples on him. Youth passes across stage with mob close behind. Organ-grinder comes in holding dead monkey by the tail and cries:—

"Oh! My monkey! My monkey!! My monkey!!! He killee him, by tam! Sallee peach Englishman." Says something in his native tongue and throws monkey at the mob. The youth runs across the stage the second time and is run down on the stage; and with cries of "Kill the Scab!" "Kill the Knob-stick!" the mob knocks him down and tramples on him until he is unconscious. At this juncture, Billy Toms rushes in, knocks mob right and left, picks up youth in his arms, doubles up his fist and says:—

"As my name is Billy Toms, let no man dare to lay his hand on the boy!—You cowards!—You brutes!—Don't you know that you have ruined your cause through this cowardly act of yours?—Don't you know that this will be wired all over the world in less than twenty-four hours?—You fools!—Go home, every one of you!"

Stands facing the mob until they all go, one by one. Billy then passes off stage. Organ-grinder passes by, carrying dead monkey by the tail and shouts:—

"Goot poy, Billy!"

(*Curtain*)

THE DINNER - PAIL MAN

(SCENE 3, CONTINUED).

After Organ-grinder passes, a dude enters and says :-

Oh, girls, girls! Don't you wish you could have me? My mamma sent me out to take the air. She says a little air does anyone good, don't-cher-know! The boys call me "Sissy"; I think it's very wrong. My name is Reginald; they call me "Reggie," for short. My papa is Lord Guigelbeck. My mamma says I mustn't marry here in England. I must go to America. Oh, girls, girls! I'm awful sorry for you, but you will have to go to my mamma.

(*Exit*)

(*After organ-grinder passes by with dead monkey, dude comes back. He has been struck by the mob and is a sight to behold: clothes all torn and dirty and the print of a man's shoe on his shirt-front.*)

Dude—

My goodness, gracious, sakes alive! They stepped right on my bosom! What will my mamma say? I was just winking with me eye at a pretty girl on the other side when the cyclone struck, and they stepped right on my bosom! (*Exit*) (*Organ-grinder comes back with dead monkey as dude talks*)

Organ-grinder—

My monkey, he winka with his oder eye when the cyclubberstick! He strika him and he stepla on him bodysum, and he came dead pretty quick! My poor monkey! (*Cries of "Kill the Scab!"*)

Organ-grinder runs after his organ and throws it on his shoulder, saying:—

Cyclubberstick! Sellee peach! (*A brick strikes his organ and smashes it*)

in every mill in England, and they all seem to know me. Now then. I've made up my mind to turn my back on Old England forever; yes! if I can't go any other way, I shall go as a stowaway and trust in God Almighty for protection. All I shall be worried about will be you and baby. Poor little girl!

Mrs. Toms—

Yes, it will break her heart to separate from you: but, Billy, where are you going? You haven't told me.

(Billy rises from chair)

Wife, where else can a man go who has been persecuted by all these mill-owners, but to America—the land of freedom and of peace? Yes, wife, I shall go to America, if God lets me live.

(Lillian comes in with doll in arms)

Hallo, papa! Got any work to-day?

Toms—

No, child, no work.

(Lillian puts her arm around his neck)

Well, wife, I suppose I must be going, because the sooner I get there, the more time I shall have to see how the land lays.

Lillian—

Where are you going, pa?

Billy—

To America, child.

Lillian—

And will you be back to-morrow?

Billy—

Oh, no, child!

Lillian—

Why not? When you went away, the other time, you came

back the next day.

Billy—

Yes, child. I know. But this is quite a good ways further.

(*Wife turns and covers her face and weeps*)

Lillian—

How much further, pa?

Billy—

Oh! It's across the sea, child. Pa is going to find a place to live, and he will send for mamma and his little girl.

Lillian—

But, pa, we have't got any money: mamma said we hadn't a 'alf-penny in the house.

Billy—

Oh! But papa will send you some to go with.

Lillian—

Why, pa! They won't give you any work since you were the leader of the union. Oh, that old union! I wish you had never seen it; don't you, pa?

Billy—

They don't know your pa in America, so he won't have any trouble in getting all the work he wants.

Lillian—

Don't go, pa! don't go! stay here.

Billy—

I don't like to go; but you and your ma must have something to eat and something to wear.

Lillian—

Ma's got some biscuit in the pantry.

Billy, smiling—

Has she?

Lillian—

Yes. And, pa, my Sunday School teacher said, last Sunday, that, in some way or other, the Lord will provide. Do you believe that, pa?

Billy—

Yes, I guess so. Wife, I must be going, so good-bye.

(*Wife looks up with tear-stained face, but does not speak; she puts her arm around his neck. Lillian sees her mamma weeping, and stamps her little foot on the floor and says:*)

Don't you go, pa; don't you see you are making my mamma weep?

(*She bursts into childish tears. Billy makes no reply but kisses Lillian and departs, not saying a word. Wares his hand behind him. Takes out handkerchief and is gone. Wife sobs and Lillian cries aloud. Soon Lillian looks up, wipes her eyes and says:*)

Oh dear! This is perfectly awful, but I suppose we'll have to get along some way.

(*Mother looks up with tears in her eyes, and smiles*)

You dear little girl! You've got more sense than your mother has

(*Takes her up in her arms and kisses her*)

Yes, child. This is all on account of your pa being the leader of a union.

Lady enters—

Mr. Toms here?

Mrs. Toms—

No, Madam. He has just gone out.

Lady—

I came to tell you that they are after your husband.

Mrs. Toms—

Why! What for?

Lady—

There has been a bank-robbery, last night. They broke into the bank and stole \$50,000.00 and they are trying to fasten the crime on to your husband. I, being the magistrate's wife, overheard them talking about it and so I thought I would come and inform you.

Mrs. Toms—

Why! Billy didn't go out of the house last night.

Lady—

I know, Mrs. Toms, that your husband is innocent. If I had not been sure, I would not have come here to inform you.

(*Goes out. Two officers enter*)

Officer—

Is Toms here?

Mrs. Toms—

No, sir.

Officer—

Are you telling us the truth?

Mrs. Toms—

If you don't believe me, you can search the house.

Officer—

If you don't tell us where Toms is, we'll have to take you.

Mrs. Toms—

I can tell where Billy is: he went away for America last night.

Officer—

He aint the man we want.

(*Officers go out*)

Lillian laughs and says :—

Mamma you was enough for them; wasn't you? When you lie

that way, it aint no sin; is it, ma?

Mrs. Toms—

Yes, child; it's wrong to lie at any time, but I hope God will forgive me; I did it for your papa's sake.

(Loud noise outside. Pistol shots are heard. Mother and child go out, frightened. Curtain drops; rises again to disclose scene in street of city—two officers pass by with two men, handcuffed,

SCENE

(This scene is laid in Boston. Curtain rises disclosing Cadwell & Shaw's law office.)

Mr. Cadwell—

Then, Dick, you are bent on going to the mills?

Dick—

Yes, father, it is my wish to go to the mills.

Cadwell—

Boy! I'm disappointed at such foolishness. You! My only son! Going to the cotton mills to work, and to be a common mill-operative! You've just gone through college and what will it all amount to? You might just as well stay at home and, in another year, you will be admitted to the Bar and that means a great deal to you, with your father's name back of you.

Dick—

Yes, father, that is all true. Admitting that you are a great lawyer, you are also a great mill-man and that is one reason that I wish to go into the mills. You are the treasurer of the mills in N. H., and here in Boston—what do you know of what is going on in those mills? All you can know is what the agents and overseers might tell you and, upon my word, I do not believe they always tell

the truth: I believe that strike in Manchester, N. H., last month, was not a one-sided affair; I believe that man, Clack, was just as much to blame as the laborers.

Cudwell—

What do you mean, boy? That man, Clack, is one of the best overseers in the corporation. He runs his department cheaper than any other overseer in the corporation.

Dick—

How do you know that?

Cudwell—

Why! Mr. Maynott told me so.

Dick—

What about Mr. Maynott installing a friend of his as overseer in one of the largest weaving rooms in the corporation—a man who knew nothing about weaving and, through his poor management he—Mr. Maynott—and this overseer, and the overseer of the boilers worked all night burning about \$1500 worth of cloth. Did Mr. Maynott tell you about that?

Cudwell—

Someone has been stuffing you up, and you are foolish enough to believe it all, Dick.

Dick—

Father, I believe that you will find just as many truthful ones among those who carry a dinner-pail or a lunch-box as among those who carry thousands of dollars in check-books. That is the way those mistakes are made, and the man who earns one dollar a day has to pay for it all through a slight cut-down. Of course you do not know about it; you get your dividend, just the same, and that is the way it goes on. But is that right? Would you like to be treated that way?

Cadwell—

In what department do you want to go?

Dick—

I would like to go in Mr. Clack's room: will you let me go?

Cadwell—

I must catch that train for Manchester: I will let you know when I return. Pete go to the phone and tell Mr. Hill to send my carriage to the office as soon as possible.

(Son and father go out)

Pete— (at the phone)

I, golly! Aint this great! I wonder if I could play a tune on this. *(Plays)*

(Voice through phone)

Stop monkeying with that phone, you black monkey!

(Pete repeats: Black monkey! and squeezes the speaking-tube)

Who told you I was black?

(Strikes at phone, then says:) Halloo, there Central! Give me Hill; tell him to send me my carriage as quick as possible.

(Goes and sits down. Phone rings)

Pete answers—

Halloo! Don't you know who I is? I is Wm. D. Cadwell & Co.—that's who I is.

(Goes and sits down, puts feet on desk, takes out cigarette and lights it and is some great one. Mr. Cadwell enters)

Cadwell—

Have you telephoned for my carriage, Pete?

Pete—

Yes Sir.

(Mr. Cadwell looks at watch, then goes to phone)

Halloo there! Give me 3464. You can go now, Pete. That scoundrel of a boy! I shall be fortunate if I catch that train for N. H. Is that you, John? Send my carriage as quick as possible.
(*Goos out*)

(*Dick enters office with his chum, Harry Rockfell*)

Harry—

Dick, I am astonished at you! Going to the mills to work, and you with all this bright prospect before you of becoming one of the greatest lawyers in Boston! Your father tells me that in another year you will be admitted to the Bar, and then you will be connected with the biggest law firm in New England.

Dick, smiling—

That is all true, Harry.

Harry—

Then why go to these cotton mills? And going as a common mill-hand! Why! If you were going in the office, that would be bad enough. People then would say: He is going to look after his father's interests; but it's just the other way: you are going there for the interest of the laborers, and that means right against the interest of your father. I never heard of such a thing! You are breaking your father's heart over this affair. What do you need to care about those cotton-mills people? They are not of your class. They'll kick you for this; you mark my word! They are a bad set, the best of them, and pea soup is good enough for them. So don't be foolish enough to go there and be a spy against your father's mill. Did you ever hear of such a thing! And taking part with that low set! Why, Dick, you ought to have a guardian!

Dick—

Harry Rockfell, I am as astonished with you as you are with me! You, a teacher in the Sunday School! Haven't you any of those poor boys in your class?

Harry—

Yes.

Dick—

Do you teach them that pea soup is good enough for them?

Harry—

Oh, well; that's another question.

Dick—

What do mean by "another question?" Do you mean that they should be made to eat *pea soup* six days in the week, then *roast* on the seventh, because they go to the Sunday School? What about those who do not go? Harry, there is a great wrong going on in those mills and the laborer seems to be to blame for it all and I am going to find out. You know there are always two sides to a question; but, with this, there seems to be but one; and I hope I shall find out before I am many days older.

Harry—

Yes, and when you have found out you will get a good kicking for your trouble and it will be good enough for you. If I were in your father's place, I would not let you go.

Dick—

I'm glad you are not.

SCENE 1

(*Scene in Fall River, Billy Toms' home. 10 yrs. are supposed to have elapsed since Billy's departure from England to America*)

Billy comes home from work on a strike. Calls to his wife:—

Mother! Mother! Mother!

(*Mrs. Toms enters:—*)

Mrs. Toms—

Why Billy! What's the matter with the man!

Billy--

Matter enough! Why in the bloody, bleeding bugger don't thee stay in the house sometime?

Mrs. Toms--

Why, Billy! I was only over to Mrs. Dun's for a minute.

Billy--

Well, I'm done too.

Mrs. Toms--

Haven't you got any work to-day, Billy?

Billy--

That's just what it is. On a strike again. Wife, I'm going away from this bloody place. It's "strike" all the whole bloody time. It's as bad as the Old Country.

Mrs. Toms--

But where are you going? You don't want to join the union, and it's "union" pretty much everywhere, now.

Billy--

Wife, I would gladly join the union, but do you blame me for not joining them after what happened in the Old Country? I was driven out of England because I was the leader of a union. Everybody went back on me, even the laborers themselves; and you know what awful times you and the baby and I had to keep the wolf from the door; and, finally, I had to leave you and baby alone and come to this country; and my own little girl never knew how her father came across. Yes, a stowaway; and may God help me to forget it: it will drive me mad.

Wife wipes tears from her eyes and says:--

I wouldn't talk about it any more, Billy. Where are you going to look for work?

Billy

I am going to Manchester, N. H.; there are quite a number of mills there and I know I shall be able to find something to do at weaving.

Mrs. Toms

Billy, before you go, I want to tell you something that happened before Lillian and I left the Old Country. Two days before we left, a lady came to the house and gave me this little box and, as it happened, Lillian was out at that time. The lady said this little box must not be opened until Lillian was eighteen years old, and that she would be eighteen this Christmas. We have always supposed that her birthday came on the 20th. of October, which will be next month. That gold neck-chain she had on her neck—the lady said the key to the little locket was in the box.

Billy—

Pshaw! It may be one of those infernal machines, and when you open the box we'll all be blowed up, every bloody one of us.

Well, wife, I'm going to catch that train for Boston; they tell me I can go from Boston without changing cars.

Mrs. Toms—

Don't go until Lillian comes home.

Billy—

I can't stay here and idle away my time. Tell her that pa has gone to look for work.

(*Kisses wife and exits*)

Mrs. Toms in passion of tears, kneels down and says :—

Oh, God! Give us this day our daily bread; that is all we want.

(*Rises to her feet and repeats the poor man's prayer :*)

The rich man hath his pew of pride
 And velvet stool of prayer;
 The poor man's church is very wide—
 He kneeleth anywhere.

The rich man, while with plenty fed,
 Still asketh larger store;
 The poor man prays for daily bread,
 And scarcely meaneth more.

The rich man maketh many prayers;
 The poor man needs but one.
 His broken heart to God repairs
 And prays: "Thy will be done."

(Lillian comes home from work, lunch-basket in hand. Behind the scenes she sings the chorus of Beulah Land.)

O! Beulah land, sweet Beulah land!
 As on the highest mount I stand,
 I look away across the sea,
 Where mansions are prepared for me,
 And view the shining glory shore—
 My heav'n, my home forevermore.

Why, ma, you've been weeping.

Mrs. Toms

No, child. Just one of my foolish spells. That's all.

(Lillian puts her arm around her mother's neck and says:)

Tell me all about it, mamma dear. Won't you?

Mrs. Toms—

Well, your pa is out of work again: on a strike.

Lillian—

Yes, I heard the weave shop was on a strike, and I heard

they were going to shut down all the mills in the city. If they do, what will become of all those poor people?

Mrs. Toms—

Some of them will fare pretty hard, I am afraid.

Lillian—

Well, in some way, or other, the Lord will provide.

Where is pa going?

Mrs. Toms—

He is going to Manchester, N. H.

Lillian—

I should think he had trouble enough in one Manchester, without going to another one.

Mrs. Toms—

You know, the people are different here. The dinner-pail man has something to say here in America; while in the Old Country he is as good as nothing. I hope your father will join the union when he gets to Manchester, N. H.

Lillian—

Why do you want him to join the union; don't you remember what the union did to him in England?

Mrs. Toms—

Yes, but the unions are different now: they are growing older and stronger and they are not so easily bought as they were. Child: do you know I'm in love with America? Oh, may the people of America, rich and poor, even to the little tots, join in singing—

My Country, 'tis of thee—

Sweet Land of Liberty.

God bless America!

(Both retire, while band plays one refrain of America. Curtain)

ACT 2. SCENE 1.

(*This scene is laid in Manchester, N. H. In the mill at noon-hour.*)

MARY BURNHART and LILLIAN TOMS, weavers;

JIM KASS, the loom-fixer;

DICK CADWELL, the bobbin-boy.

Mary—

Oh, dear, girls! I don't know what I shall do: I can't get my loom fixed. That big son-of-a-gun can't fix looms a little bit. That loom—the shuttle has been flying out the last two weeks, and he can't fix it. Every time I go after him he tells me to go to H——, or something worse sometimes; and I am all discouraged. Girls, we ought to all get together and go and see the agent, Mr. Maynott.

Dick—

Why don't you go and tell Mr. Clack?

Mary—

Yes. Go to Mr. Clack—and get turned out! Why! He turned out three girls last month for the same thing: Mary Connels, Lillie King and Nellie Harvey. All the girls left their work; and there was a general strike all over the mill; and we wouldn't go to work until they took those three girls back in again. Why! That big son-of-a-gun is Mr. Clack's wife's brother and he wouldn't let him go. If he did, he couldn't get work anywhere else: they wouldn't keep him, the big son-of-a-gun! Well, if something aint done before long, that shuttle will surely kill someone.

Lillian—

It flew out the other day and went right by my head.

Dick—

Why don't you go to Mr. Clack, yourself, and tell him that you're afraid to work here on account of that loom?

Lillian—

Oh, I wouldn't go to him if I knew that shuttle was going to kill me: I'm afraid of him.

Dick—

I don't see why you should be afraid of Mr. Clack.

Lillian—

Oh, you don't know him. He might turn pa and I both out of the mill, and what should we do? No, pa has had trouble enough, already.

Dick—

But that shuttle might fly out and put your eyes out.

Mary—

Yes, there is an old lady working here who had an eye put out by a shuttle flying out of a loom, and she sued the Company, but she didn't get a cent. They said she was to blame. The idea that a weaver's to blame for a shuttle flying out of a loom! You see her? She works over in No. 1. She wears a black cloth over that eye.

Dick—

Yes, I've seen her; and I wondered why she had that cloth over her eye.

Mary—

Yes, and she didn't get a cent!

Dick—

That's too bad. They ought to have given her a thousand or two.

Mary—

You catch them giving two thousand dollars for an eye! they wouldn't give that for your neck! The son-of-a-gun! Oh, dear! I can't earn my salt. Last week I only made five dollars and a half

when I ought to have made eight dollars and a half; and this week all I can make is six dollars, when I ought to make nine dollars.

Dick—

Don't get discouraged, girls; better times are coming.

Mary—

Yes, when we are all dead. I've worked for this corporation for over twenty years and it has been growing worse, instead of better. When I began to work in this mill, twenty years ago, there was but one Agent and one Superintendent, but now it would take a multiplication table to count them. Why, I could go out in the yard, pick up a stone, shut my eyes and throw it and, I bet a cooky, it would hit a Super. Why, they are as thick as crows in a Vermont corn-field.

Dick— (smiling)

You must remember that this corporation has greatly increased in the last twenty years; and, therefore, they must have more of that kind of help to run these mills.

Mary—

Yes, I know that this corporation is a great deal larger than it was when I first came here, but why can't they run more work for the same pay, just as well as we can? Twenty years ago I run three looms, and I could make eight and nine dollars a week; now I have to run six looms, and all I can make is five and a half and six dollars; but I suppose I could make more if that big son-of-a-gun fixed my looms.

Dick,— (smiling)

I guess you'll get along in this world.

Mary—

Yes, Dick, I have learned to get along in this world, or fight

in this world, for I believe, from my own experience, that a poor girl, working in these mills, and shops, has got to fight the battle of her life to keep her honor and make a living; but I've shed many tears before I learned to fight, just as this poor girl, here. I've seen her in tears many times and I know just what it is. You fight on, brave Lillian, and you'll win the battle. I began to work in the mill when I was fifteen and I've worked twenty years, and I can hold up my head and defy any man or woman to point to a single stain on my character. All there is against me is that I carry a dinner-pail.

Dick—

I must go to my dinner. Mr. Clack has just come in.

(*Exits*)

Mary—

I think that Dick Cadwell is a gentleman, every inch of him. By-the-way! Our treasurer's name is Cadwell; I wonder if Dick can be some relation of his?

Lillian—

Oh no; if he was he wouldn't be carrying filling.

Mary—

Does he go to your house?

Lillian—

Yes, sometimes.

Mary—

I suppose you're going to marry him.

Lillian—

Sometime. (*Puts her hand to her mouth.*)

Mary—

I wouldn't marry a mill-man. You'll have to work in the mill all the days of your life and, especially, a bobbin boy. How are you going to live on a dollar a day?

Lillian—

Dick won't be a bobbin-boy always. I suppose you would rather marry a loom-fixer?

Mary,— (with hands up)

Oh! I would rather marry the Devil, himself! Oh, the son-of-a-gun!

(Mr. Clack passing by is stopped by Mary who says :)

Mr. Clack, would you be kind enough to look at that loom? The shuttle keeps flying out, and I can't get it fixed. I'm afraid it will fly out and hit some one.

Mr. Clack—

You seem to be greatly concerned about someone else. You attend to your own business. I am not going to bother with your loom; if your loom-fixer can't fix your loom, I'm sure I can't.

(Passes by)

Addresses Lillian—

How do you do, Lillian dear?

Lillian—

Pretty well; thank you. But, Mr. Clack, I would rather you would call me just plain: "Lillian". I have never been called "dear" by anyone but my own folks, and I shall insist on being called plain "Lillian Toms."

Clack—

Oh, if Dick Cadwell called you that, you wouldn't say anything.

Lillian—

Mr. Clack, you must remember that you are a married man and Dick Cadwell is not; and Dick Cadwell is a gentleman.

Clack—

Yes. And Dick Cadwell must stop talking to you girls, or he will have to get out of here.

Lillian—

Why, Mr. Clack! Dick don't hinder us girls any; we take off just as much cloth as the other girls.

(Miss Louise Demars, a French-Canadian girl, comes and asks Mary to speak to Mr. Clack for her. She, too, can't get her loom fixed.)

Clack— (looking at the two girls)

What's the trouble?

Mary—

She can't get her looms fixed.

Clack—

She had better go home, then; that's the best I can do for her.

(Goes away)

(Speed goes on. Looms start up. Loom-fixer goes by.)

Mary—

Will you come and fix my loom?

Fixer looks at her and says:—

Get out, you nuisance!

Mary turns on him and says:—

Get out yourself, you drunkard! You're a bum and a big no-good.

Fixer—

And what are you?

Mary—

I'm a lady.

Fixer— (Laughing)

A lady!

Mary—

Yes. A lady, and you don't know enough to know it. Oh but you could tell a glass of beer if you see it.

(Fixer goes to loom, slams his tools on floor and commences to

work on loom with big monkey-wrench. Wrench slips and he falls on his back on floor. Mary has a fit of laughter and holds her sides. Ficer puts his hands on his back, looks at Mary and says :)

I'll go to Clack and have you turned out.

Mary—

Mr. Kass, I wasn't laughing at you ; I was looking out of the window and I saw a little bird pulling at a worm, trying to get it out of the ground, and his little bill slipped and he fell right over on his back. *(Goes on laughing)*

Ficer—

Oh, you'd laugh at nothing.

Mary— (Nods her head)

Yes.

Ficer works a few minutes longer at loom, then goes away. Looms run about one minute, then shuttle flies out and hits Lillian on temple just as Dick passes by with box on his shoulder. Lillian puts hand to temple, staggers and falls. Dick drops box and is at Lillian's side. Holds her head and calls for help. Mary comes and is greatly excited. Runs and gets wash-basin with water and bathes her temple. Takes her handkerchief and binds up her head. Takes her shoes off and rubs her feet. Other girls come and help. Clack happens that way.)

Clack—

What's all this rumpus ?

Mary—

Rumpus ! I should think so ! I told you, Mr. Clack, that loom would hurt someone.

Clack — (Pointing to Mary's work)

You go to your work, and stay there *(and to the other girls)*
Go to your work, every one of you.

(Girls all obey with the exception of Mary, a faithful friend to Lillian)

Clack — (to Mary)

Didn't I tell you to go to your work?

Mary—

I shall stay by this poor girl if I'm turned out a thousand times.

(*Stoops down and rubs Lillian's feet, smooths her temple, etc.*)

Clack— (to Dick)

You haven't any business here, so you can go right along about your work.

Dick—

I shall stay here until Miss Toms recovers.

Clack—

You will, will you? We'll see about that. Get up and go to your work. (*Takes Dick by the collar*)

Dick— (to Mary)

Come and hold Miss Toms a minute. (*On his feet, to Clack*)

I command you, Mr. Clack, never to lay your hands on me again!

Clack—

What do you mean, you young scamp? Commanding me! Take that!

(*Deals Dick a blow but it falls short; Dick deals one in return which lands on Clack's optic and knocks him down. Clack rises to his feet and says:*)

I shall call an officer and have you put where you belong.

(*Dick makes no reply to this, but gets down and assists Mary. Ambulance comes and takes Lillian. Officer comes and arrests Dick; Dick makes no resistance. Strike is on in weave-room. All get together. Calls for Billy Toms. Billy enters.*)

What's up here, friends?

Mary Burnhart—

Your Lillian got hit by a shuttle and fainted and the ambulance has taken her away and Dick's arrested.

Billy—

Why didn't someone come and tell me about this?

Mary—

Mr. Clack wouldn't let us. We're on a strike and we want you,

Mr. Toms, to go to the agent, Mr. Maynott, tell him that we can't get our looms fixed and we refuse to go to work unless we can have someone that can fix them as we are losing from two to three dollars, some weeks, from our looms being stopped so much for the want of fixing.

Billy—

My friends: I would gladly represent you, and take it as a great honor to be the representative of my fellow-workmen; but I have had so much trouble in the past that I don't feel like accepting this honor at this time.

All together—

You must go, Mr. Toms.

Billy—

My friends: Ten years ago this month, I left England for America with not a dollar in my pocket and, worse still, I left a wife and little girl with scarcely enough to eat for the morrow; and tongue cannot describe the hardships that befell me on my voyage over, and it was all because I was the leader of a union. The help wanted an increase in their wages and I was sent as a representative to the office of the mill. They refused to give the increase, so the help went out on a strike, and everybody seemed to blame me for it. At last they sent for the help and told them that, if they would drop me, they (the mill-owners) would grant the increase. They dropped me; and that aint all: I was driven out of my country, through starvation. And now, my friends, you have heard my story I hope you will appoint someone else.

Mary— (stepping forward and extending her hand to Billy)

I do solemnly promise, so help me God! that whatever happens to you in representing us I, Mary Burnhart, will share it with you.

All together—

So will we.

Mary—

With this assurance, will you represent us, Mr. Tom.

(*Billy bows his head for a moment, then straightens up and says :*)

Yes, I will; for I am sure that you are an honest and earnest people and mean to be fair with everybody; and, by representing you, I believe that I am doing my duty to God and man.

(*All retire, with a shout*)

Billy — (turning)

Friends! Now then, if you want me for a leader, you must stop that shouting. We are all ladies and gentlemen, and we must conduct ourselves as such.

All—

Yes, That's true.

ACT 3. SCENE 1.

(*This scene is laid in Agent Maynott's office. Billy Toms, as operatives' representative, is announced by office boy*)

Billy— (entering office :)

Mr. Maynott, I come to you in behalf of my fellow laborers. Will you hear our grievance?

Mr. Maynott—

Well, what is it?

Billy—

We have a loom-fixer that can't fix looms and the weavers are bothered very much; so much that some of them tell me that they have lost as much as two dollars, and sometimes three dollars in a single week with their looms being stopped for the want of fixing.

Mr. Maynott—

Has Mr. Clack been informed that such work was going on?

Billy—

Yes Sir; repeatedly; and they tell me that he only laughs at it.

Mr. Maynott—

I don't believe any such thing; I don't believe that Mr. Clack would allow any such work to go on in his room and only laugh at it, as you say. It's all a trumped-up lie; it's all because your loom-fixer don't belong to your union. You have been making a fuss over this for sometime, and now you've gone on a strike; but you'll never have a union loom-fixer, just as long as I'm here. So you might as well go back to work. But wait a moment! (*Steps to phone*) Give me 3464. Yes. (*Sits down*) So you're the representative of this union?

Billy—

Yes, Sir. I have the honor to be the representative of my fellow-workmen.

Mr. Maynott—

Great honor! I should think that they would have chosen someone else; but I don't suppose it makes much difference; they're a bad set, at their best.

Billy—

Mr. Maynott, the dinner-pail man is just as much as the man who rests his elbows on a mahogany desk, although he has no place to rest his elbows except a cotton-loom at the noon hour.

Maynott—

Toms, how did you come to this country?

Billy—

I don't consider that it would be of any benefit to you if I

should tell you ; I consider that my business. I might ask you how you came to get this position as agent of these great mills , but I'll be a man and mind my own business. One thing I'm proud of , and that is : that poverty is no crime ! I came here , not to talk of myself , nor for myself , but for my fellow-laborers.

Maynott—

Toms , I think you had better go somewhere else to work ; this city isn't big enough for you.

Billy— (aside God help me !)

Mr. Maynott , I've been chosen by my fellow-laborers to come to you , and for this cause , I am turned out of work. But , nevertheless , I shall always be true to the dinner-pail man.

Maynott—

What do you mean by " the dinner-pail man " ? Is that a new name for your union ?

Billy—

Mr. Maynott , haven't you ever seen the dinner-pail man ,
As he passes by with pail in hand ?
You ought to know him , as he passes your door
For he is one of your employees.
His strength and labor he doesn't repent ,
So don't deprive him his dollar and cent.

This wide , wide world , as long as it stands ,
Shall always be blest with the dinner-pail man.
There is room for him , and room for thee ,
And the same air you breathe , to him 'tis free.
He's a part of this world , in God's word , I've read ;
So don't deprive him of his daily bread.

God made this world for great and small,
 So don't reach out to take it all.
 The dinner-pail man is nothing new,
 To you and to others he's always true.
 So don't crush him down—let's fill up his pail
 And he will surely never fail.

The dinner-pail man! Oh, the dinner-pail man!
 "Down him!" they say, "Oh, down him, if you can!"
 But down him you can't; it will never be done.
 Why? Because he belongs to the union.
 These unions are not for a few,
 But for all men and women who prove themselves true.

(*Phone rings*)

Mr. Maynott—

Is this Mr. Cadwell? There is a strike here in one of the rooms.
 Yes. In what room—did you say? It's in Mr. Clack's room. Yes,
 yes. All right. To-morrow at 11, did you say? From 3 to 5? Yes.
 All right. (*to Toms*) Sit down, Mr. Toms. You may tell your
 people that Mr. Cadwell, the treasurer of the corporation, will be
 here to-morrow and wishes to meet from three to five delegates of
 your union, at 11 o'clock, sharp. They are to meet in this office.

That will be all.

(*Billy leaves office*)

(*Mr. Maynott, to Superintendent*) I don't see why such men
 are not kept under lock and key; they are dangerous men; they are
 always at the head of some movement to create trouble somewhere.
 Now, you see, this man, Toms, seems to have a fair education and,
 consequently, these poor, ignorant people in the mills listen to
 whatever he says. Now that's wrong. If I had *my* way, those

poor people would have a limited education. It doesn't do to give them too much schooling: they get to knowing too much.

(*Mr. Maynott and Superintendent leave office.*)

(*Curtain*)

SCENE 2.

POLICE STATION.

Lillian in police station, talking with Dick, with her head bandaged.

Dick—

Why, how do you do, Lillian?

Lillian—

Pretty well, but my head pains me some.

Dick—

You should not have come: you are not fit to be out so soon; and, beside, this is no place for ladies.

Lillian—

I suppose so; and it is no place for gentlemen, either. Oh, Dick! I couldn't stay in the house after they told me you was here—and on my account, too.

Dick—

I suppose you won't care for me, now that I am a jail-bird.

Lillian—

It's not your fault.

Dick—

Now, Lillian, I am going to tell you who I am: I am the son of M. D. Cadwell, treasurer of the corporation that you and I have been working for.

Lillian—

Why, Dick! How is it that you have been working as a hobbin-boy?

Dick—

You shall know all about it to-morrow. The reason I came here was to right a wrong, and I think that I have. Tell your father that he needn't worry about his job in the mill; he can keep it as long as he wishes. Good-bye. Try to be at the office to-morrow if you can. Don't tell anyone what I have told you. Good-bye.

SCENE 3.

(*Billy Toms' house. Lillian has just returned home.*)

Lillian—

Good news, father! Good news, mother!

Billy—

Why! What's up now?

Lillian—

You can keep your job in the mill just as long as you want it.

Billy— (Rising up from his chair)

Why, who told you so?

Lillian—

I've just come from the police station to see Dick and he told me so.

Billy—

Poor fellow! I've not much faith in what he says, he's in the police station. I only wish it was so. I suppose it would be different if he could have his say; but what can a poor hobbin-boy do when Mr. Maynott says: "No."?

Lillian—

But, pa, Dick is not a bobbin-boy any more, he's Mr. Cadwell's son!

Billy—

I know that he's Mr. Cadwell's son; child, he couldn't be Mr. Maynott's son and be Dick Cadwell.

(*Lillian gets up and leaves the room*)

Mrs. Toms—

To-morrow is the day-before-Christmas, Billy.

Billy—

That's so! I never thought of it before. Then comes the infernal machine, I suppose. Well, I must go to the hall and tell those people what Mr. Maynott said.

Mrs. Toms—

Why don't you stop and see Dick on your way down?

Billy—

I think I shall.

Mrs. Toms—

Oh, dear! It seems as if misfortune followed us everywhere we go. Billy is out of work again, poor fellow! Well it's just as Lillian says: "In some way, or other, the Lord will provide."

(*thinks a minute*) It won't make much difference; it's only two days more. I'll do it! Billy's out and Lillian's gone to bed.

(*goes and gets box*) That's Billy's infernal machine. All these ten long years I have been longing to see what is in this little box. I shall know this very night. (*Takes key and unlocks box, takes out Papers, Gold Jewelry, Gold Watch and Chain, takes up papers and reads them, falls in a faint but recovers and says:*) I mustn't be foolish. It's all true. Poor Lillian! She shall know all this soon. Just think of it! Our Lillian heiress to

Lord Rockwell's estate, with all his millions! Why, she's a millionairess! And her working in the mills all these years! Lady Rockwell: that's her name! (*She takes other papers and reads. Hears noise, picks up papers*)

My grief! He is coming and he mustn't see these papers.

(*Curtain*)

SCENE 4.

MR. MAYNOTT'S OFFICE.

Delegates— Billy Toms, Mary Burnhart, Lillian Toms (head bandaged) , Nellie Conners, James Burns.

(*Mr. Cluck and Jim Kass enter*)

Mary— (*to Lillian*)

Oh, see that son-of-a-gun!

(*Mr. Cadwell and Mr. Maynott enter*)

Mr. Cadwell— (*taking off his hat*)

Good Morning, Ladies and Gentlemen. (*Mr. Maynott says nothing*) (*To Maynott*)— It seems queer those strikes should all be in one room, but I hope I shall be able to learn the particulars before I go back. (*then looks around and says to Mr. Maynott*) Do you know of a Dick Cadwell who has been working for this corporation?

(*Lillian whispers to Mary*)

Mary— (*half-aloud*)

I told you so. Oh, I'm so glad!

Mr. Maynott—

No, I don't; (*turns to Cluck*) Do you?

Mr. Cluck—

Yes.

Cadwell—

Where is he ?

Mary gets up and says—

He's in the police station, Sir.

Mr. Cadwell— (getting up from his chair quickly).

In the police station ! Why, what for ?

Mary—

For hitting Mr. Clack, Sir.

Mr. Cadwell— (goes to phone and rings quickly).

Give me the police station as quickly as possible. *(Stands waiting at phone for a moment).*

Mr. Maynott— (goes to Clack and says :)

I guess that you have been a little too hasty; you should have held your temper and not let it get away with you. *(Clack says nothing.)*

Mr. Cadwell— (to phone)

Is that you, Mr. Rankin ? Have you got a young man by the name of Dick Cadwell ? Let him go and I will stand all the damages. Tell him that he is wanted at Mr. Maynott's office. If you are afraid to let him go, send an officer with him. It's Mr. Cadwell. All right *(sets down and drums on chair).*

Mr. Maynott—

Here comes Mr. Rankin with his team. His team must have been all hitched up. *(Dick and Mr. Rankin enter).*

Dick—

Halloo, father ?

Mr. Cadwell—

My son !

(Dick looks around and sees Lillian. Goes to her and takes her

hand and speaks a few words in a low tone.)

Mr. Cadwell— (looking at his watch)

Dick, we are waiting for you to settle this. I am going to leave it all to you, if they all agree to it. What do you say, ladies and gentlemen?

All together—

We are satisfied with Dick.

Mr. Cadwell—

Come, Dick, and tell your story.

Dick—

My story is short and it won't take long to tell it. *(takes Lillian by the hand and leads her to his father)* Father, I will introduce you to Miss Toms. This is the lady who was hit by a shuttle that flew from a loom which had been out of repair for a month and the loom-fixer either could not, or would not fix it, and I can prove it by the operator; she is here.

Marg—

Yes! The son-of-a-gun!

Mr. Cadwell— (turning to Maynott)

Why keep such a man? *(Maynott answers nothing).*

Office boy enters and says:—

A "Mrs. Toms" is here and wishes to come in.

Mr. Maynott—

Tell her it is impossible at this time.

Mr. Cadwell—

Who is this Mrs. Toms?

Billy—

She is my wife.

Mr. Cadwell—

Let her come in. *(turning to Maynott)* It's all right, is it not?

Mr. Mayquott—

I guess so.

(*Mrs. Toms enters and is given a chair*)

Mrs. Toms—

Ladies and Gentlemen: I don't know as it is right for me to come here, but I came on my own impulse. I have here a little box and it's contents will let people know who we are, and what we are. It may be of some interest to Mr. Richard Cadwell. Will you read these papers?

Dick reads; then reads them aloud—

To my niece, Lillian Rockwell Toms, my Brother James' only infant child:—

I do bequeath and will my Estate in Naas, County of Kildare, and also my County Seat in Oldham, all, together with notes and bonds; she being the rightful heiress to all the Rockwell Estate, with the title of "Lady Rockwell." (*then reads other papers.*)

To my cousin, William Toms, I bequeath and will all my mill property known as "The Oldham Mills," Manchester, England; provided the said William Toms provides a suitable home for my Brother James' infant child, Lillian Rockwell Toms, until she reaches the age of eighteen years, her birthday falling on Christmas'

[*Signed:*] Lord William Rockwell Toms, Admr
H. W. Hazelton, Magistrate.

[*Witness:*] James McKinnon.

Dick (*taking Lillian by the hand*)

Father, this is Lady Rockwell, my future wife; and you, Mr. Toms, you are the sole owner of the Oldham Mills, Manchester, England.

Billy (*rising from his chair*)

What! I the owner of the mill I was driven out of! Well, By

the bloody, bleeding bugger. I'll be bugged and a 'alf.

(*Mr. Cadrell looks at his watch. Dick steps forward and pointing at Clark and Kass, says :*)

For the benefit of these poor people who are working in that weaving room, I say: those two men are not fit to be in a weaving room.

Mr. Cadrell—

Do you hear that, Mr. Maynott? (*Mr. Maynott nods*)

Well, then, I shall expect you to act accordingly.

(*All come forward, except Mr. Maynott, Clark and Kass*)

Billy—

Although a mill-owner I shall never go back on the dinner-pail man.

Lillian—

In some way, or other, the Lord will provide. Good night.





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